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ARSOLUTELY PURE

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sientions of a critical or argun live character, political or religious, must have art'cles will be printed over fittless s'gnatures Correspondence solicited from every ownship in Rock sined county.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1893.

THE poor showing which Brazil's naval gunners have been making is another proof that the great cost of firing these big modern guns should not be allowed to stand in the way of ample practice in time of peace.

WARD MCALLISTER has been writing for the instruction of poor boys who desire some day to get into society. Strange as it may seem. there are gleams of sense in the article. They are believed to be

An English explorer has just returned from a 4.000-mile cance journey into the interior of Alaska. He visited vast regions never before seen by white men. It seems that after 400 years the continent discovered by Columbus has yet by no means been explored. America yet not entirely discovered.

THERE was the spirit of sacrifice in that Gotham lawyer who, in order to clear his client "downed" a drug which was claimed by the prosecu-tion to be poisonous. It is therefore safe to assume that he bore up under the verdict which convicted his mar with a stoicism that, to a less daring barrister, would be impossible.

Ir anything were needed to show that the question of Irish home rule is as thoroughly alive and important as ever, it is provided by Lord Salisbury's attacks upon Gladstone in Scotland, and his far-fetched at-tempts in England to prove that Irish home rule would somehow or another impede the growth and efficiency of the British navy.

fronts the country is what to do with the Spanish caravels and the Viking ship which the governments that friend of mine I fear that I might have built them have rid themselves of Ten or twelve years ago they wouldn't have looked particularly out of place in the navy, but that plan is not now to be suggested.

THE earl of Aberdeen has notified the Canadian government that Rideau hall, the vice-regal residence at Ottawa, is altogether too small the household, which consists of forty-two persons, which naturally raises the question: how much of a suite would the earl require if he had some duties to perform other than looking pretty and laying corner-stones at infrequent intervals?

blue book recently printed, there are nearly 20,000 born Americans resident in England. We must trust that they have not lost any part of the spirit, the pluck, or the elbow power of their native land, and that they all stand ever ready to give a on to any presumptuous Englishdemocratic presence, whether that organ be saub or hump, rubicund or bottle green.

THE elder Salvini, now in America unprofessionally, has sent on by the hand of a friend a memorial of the kind sometimes seen in Italian cemetories for the grave of Edwin Booth at Mt. Auburn. The design is a laurel wreath enamelled to resist the action of the reather, and inscribed only with the word "Brother." The death of his friend and fellow ar-tist touched Salvini very nearly, and e records no greater triumph in his whole artistic earner than that of the twelve performances given with Booth at New York, Philadelphia and Booton during the spring of 1836.

"Sam, can yer lend me a dollar that yer has no use fur?" said Jim Webster to Sam Johnsing. "Certainly, Jim; I'm pleased to ac-commodate yer," said Sam, handing

m was so surprised at his luck in the money that he bit the coin

see if he was awake or merely seeing, and in doing so discovered at the dollar was made of lead.

"Dis heals is a counterfeit, Sam. I think you'd do me that way."

I know it's counterfeit, Jim. Yer had no use fur, an I

To thrille the heart with grand, poetle num-And pineks the crown of thorns from brown

of care.
He wakes and thinks while the sluggard eighs and clumbers
And scatters gems of beauty everywhere.

Entrancing music with voluptuous swell He casts upon the weary, mystic mind, samiling sweetly, like some faroff even

The canvas glows beneath his magic hand.
With forms and scenes devoted and divir.
He pictures all the gents of sea and land,
Securing to the world the superfine.

this chisel carves the marble into form Of losst and statue, pyramid and tower, Defying ages of both sun and storm To crush the thought that thrilled him for

And yet the genius, with his suffering soul.

Must wander o'er the earth misunderstood
By chattering daws who never reach the goal
Of knowing how to do their fellows good.

But when he's seen no more in field or town.

And all his mortal part lies cold and dead,

some sage or city, for their self renown,

Will give a shaft where once he need brend,
- John A. Joyce in New York Advertiser.

BEFORE THE WIND.

I am a landlubber of the first water, if I may be allowed the simile. My fautiliarity with yachting is equal to my personal acquaintance with prehistoric man, and the more I endeavor to master the subject the more hopelessly involved I become. But that does not detract in the least from the pleasure enjoy while upon a yacht, nor oes my ignorance embarrass me. I have stood upon the sail yards and wondered why the sail didn't come down. I have sought to hoist the ensign to the peak and left the rope — halyard, I should say—so slack that in a few minutes the flag was dropped to halfmast, and every captain in the harbor has called to express his regret at the sad occurrence. I always throw cigar ashes and such things over the wrong rail and receive the words of the skipper regarding the matter with a Christianlike humility that well becomes me. In fact, I have the true love of yachting at heart and a lightness of spirit that rises superior to the difficulties with which a lubber has to contend and the sarcasm that is freely poured out to him. This explanation is necessary, because the rachtsmen who read this story will laugh at the easy way in which I get things wrong, but I write not for the yacht race, for yachts and races are subordinate to the little romance in which I took a band.

Our fleet—that is, the fleet of the Deep Bay Yacht club—was on its annual cruise up Long Island sound. I was a guest upon the sloop Dawn, and had the captain and owner not been a great been put ashore early in the cruise and left to get home as best I could. A race straight away across the sound was arranged for the second day, and the bonts all lay at anchor in Blackfish harbor off the little town of Nutmeg, same state. There were but two 40 footers in the fleet—the Dawn was one and the Foam the other-and between the two captains a strong friendship and an inbease rivalry existed. Until late in the night we were discussing the race between our two boats, and heavy odds were laid on each. There was a good breeze blowing early on the day of the race, and we all tumbled upon deck about 6 o'clock in the morning. I may be allowed to state just here that the grews of the boats were all amateurs. and as I was superlative in that degree I did land duty whenever it was necessary, so that about half past 7 I went ashore to replenish the water barrel. The skipper rowed me over to the landing place, where he was joined soon after by the captain of the Foam, while I took a man in tow to get the water. While working thus, in very ordinary lothes, a horse and buggy came flying down the road, and when the driver saw me he misteok me for a boatman— I have since pardoned the mistake-it

as a lubber. "I say," he cried, pulling up his horse, "have you a boat? I want to get over to Long Island right away." And as he spoke he glanced nervously up the road.

"Well, no," I answered. aboard a yacht."

"Do you see him?" interrupted a sweet voice from beneath the hood of the buggy, and for the first time I noticed a girl within.

"No-no," the man replied soothingly, and then he turned to me.
"Can you not aid me?" he asked. "I

I saw it in a moment. The pair had eloped, and papa was probably close behind. A thought flashed through my mind, and I first ventured to ask, "Do

"Yes," the man answered, "but I must get into Long Island first—the old man is too near for fun."

"Oh, Henry," called the girl, and hearing her voice again decided me.

"Come," I said, "this way," and in a moment the pair had left the buggy and were following me to the dock. Charley, our skipper, stared as I came up, but I motioned the two in the bost and in a moment had told him of the case. It was just as I knew, and he tumbled in after me, leaving the captain of the Foam to sait, "More passes." Had

the signal to get ready, sounded from the flagship, and in a minute the eloping pair were in the cabin, while we were occupied with raising the anchor. The sails were hauled up, and just as they filled I saw the captain of the Foam rowing out with a stranger. I gave the matter no thought, but busied myself with the minor duties of coiling rope, etc., which had been assigned to me, until suddenly I wondered whether the old man, the father of the girl, had not been taken aboard the other yacht. All the coars were under way by that time, and looking toward our rival I awfully pretty girl came up and spied him. She was Miss Taylor of Jefferdoor. Charley was at the wheel, and I son. Tex., who had escaped injury in time, and looking toward our rival I whis ered my suspicions and brought the wreck. up the would be bridegroom to inspect. She real As he saw him he grew pale, and his

It was the way me said it the

stood smiling on the pier. As the yawl reached the Dawn a gun, which was

"I know I cannot get ashore now," he said, turning to Charley. "Do you think you can beat him over to the other shore?"

we can and will, or else lose the mast," and I saw that he meant it.

Just then the two boats were alongside, and the old man and the young one exchanged expressive gestures as their eyes met.

ling! went the signal to start, and the fleet squared away, the Dawn and the Foun crossing the line together. Charley ordered up more sail until we had every stitch flying, while the Foam did likewise. It was a dead heat before the wind, and the two boats led the fleet. The respective crews had learned the story by that time and shouted loudly to each other, while a broad smile lit up the face of the captain of the Foam. He evidently thought it a good joke, but we heard the girl sobbing beo help on the elopement. If papa got to Long Island first, we would turn about and make Nutneg again, orwell, we figured up the possible cost in the case if we put the couple ashore and forcibly prevailed upon papa to return via the Dawn. The breeze freshned, and the two boats went before it. drawing farther apart all the while. Papa was supplied with a glass, so we got one for our man, and he skipped up on deck every minute to look through it, and then tumbled back to comfort the girl. One by one the crew went in and were introduced to the blushing little creature, and each man as he came out felt as I did when I first heard her roice it foreboded danger to the gray haired old passenger on board the Foam. "If we only had to tack, he'd lose his

head by the boom," suggested Charley is he saw the white spot above the door of the cabin. "I-I-don't want to disobey papa." sobbed the girl, when I went into our calin, "but I am old enough to know what is right, and papa is awfully fun-ny semetimes. He chased us 15 miles. We were half married once this morning when Henry saw him up the road,

and we had to start off again. I assured her that the Dawn could beat anything affoat; that she would be cafely looked after by the entire

"The captain of the Foam is a mean fellow," I said mildly, remembering his last remark. Then I came up, while New Songs! the skipper resigned the wheel to another and started down to make the acquaintance of the pair.

will you?" I was steward, you know. We were astern of the Foam, but a little to the windward, and I looked at papa and scowled. The fact came to ae that I had forgotten the water and left it by the horse and buggy. I wondered if the feilow had forgotten them

"I say, steward," called out Charley, where's the water?

A quotation apt but trite came into

ny mind about "water, water" There was a sudden crash ahead of us. The Foam luffed suddenly, and we saw a mass of sail hanging from the mast, whic't had snapped off near the top. She had tried to carry too much in the wind, but it might have been fate, for our boat held an equal amount of sail and stood like a rock. The skipper was on deck in a moment. He grabbed the wheel and brought the Dawn as near the Foam as possible. A oyous smile spread over his sunburned face—the day was ours. The crew and skipper of the Foam were too busy with the wreck to notice us, but there was a gray head poking out of the cabin door, at which we yelled, and the bridegroom to be yelled, and then we pessed ahead, farther and farther, while the Foam lay to in the wind, and before long the Foam was astern of the whole fleet. while we led them all. And as we neared the buoy which marked the limits of the race, the Poam was a mere speck, but with the glass we fancied that we saw papa's white head still looking over the cabin door. We won the race, and straight ahead we sailed into the wide bay, and the loving pair and the skipper and I went ashore. As we walked up from the landing toward the minister's house Charley turned to me. "Why didn't you bring in that water I naked for?"

"I left it at Nutmeg," was my blushing answer, "when I brought them on

"Oh, you lubber," replied the skipper in tones of disgust. "You would try to sail with the anchor out." But notwithstanding I gave the bride away a few minutes later and received my

reward from her sweet lips. But the crowning act of revenge was when we went back to where the Foam lay, her crew having just restored order, and Charley went on board to col-lect his bets, and I went to deliver to gray haired papa, who by that time was frightfully sessick, a duplicate mar-riage certificate.—Flavel Scott Mines in Minnespolis Tribune.

HE PRIZES THE BANDAGE.

Arthur Kauffman, a young Memphian who was in the wreck on the Wabash road, arrived home with his head bound up in a bloody white bandage, which he regards as his most precious possession. He says gold and jewels couldn't buy that simp of cloth. Kauffman says that when the collision came something hit him, and he lost consciousness. When he regained his senses, he was lying be-side the wreck of the car, bleeding copi-ously from a deep cut on the head and anable to be'p himself. Just as he was about to faint again from weakness, an

She realized at once that the young ed to. Without a moment's hesitation she whipped off her petticoat and tearing out a strip bound it tightly on Kauffman's head. The bleeding was checked and his life saved. To say that he feels "Yes, sir," answered our skipper, deeply grateful to the fair Texan would be drawing it very mildly, and he vows he will keep the bandage as long as he lives.—Memphis Cor. St. Louis Republic.

From & Woman For Woma The Corcoran Scientific school of the Columbia university, Washington, has just received a gift of \$2,000 to found a scholarship for women. The name of the donor is unknown, the gift being simply accompanied by the statement that it was "a donation from a woman, in memory of a woman student of science, to be used for the benefit of women students of science." Although the Corcoran Scientific school has opened its doors to women equally with men since its foun-dation and has graduated women who have distinguished themselves in the exow, and our entire crew was willing act sciences, this is the first recognition it has received.

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